

While residing in Lake View I turned 5 years old. On some the first baptismal day my papa took our new ^{one seated} rubber tired buggy and our beautiful horse we all loved and we rode to Provo ^{to} the tilking office where I was baptized by George Petkle. He seemed young but my foot came up so I had to be baptized again.

About 1966 I was doing a little research and wondered if George Petkle still lived. I searched in vain it seemed so I finally wrote to the Era question & answer column and in a few days I heard from his sister in Salt Lake she said he lived in Idaho but spent the winters in Mesa Arizona to do Temple work I wrote to him ~~He~~ answered right back and said he was a student at the B. Y. U. at that time and ^{he} sent me a picture of young picture of him he was so nice and I surely did appreciate his thoughtfulness. Now he isn't just a name to me.